

# BATTLING NELSON'S CAREER, TOLD BY HIMSELF

"How I Won My First Fight"—You Can't Afford to Miss This Great Sporting Feature—Series Begins in The Evening World To-Day

## FINAL NIGHT

## The



## World

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PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1909.

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## FIRST SURVIVOR OF GREAT EARTHQUAKE ARRIVES HERE

"I Was There. I Cannot Talk," Says Cutroneo, Still Stunned and Bewildered.

WIFE AND FAMILY LOST.

Slowly a Picture of the Horrors of the First Shock Is Drawn From Him.

CUTRONEO, FIRST EARTHQUAKE SURVIVOR TO ARRIVE HERE.



Giuseppe Cutroneo, the first survivor of the earthquake of Messina to reach these shores, was a steamer passenger on the Italian steamship Re d'Italia, which arrived in Jersey City to-day. Among his fellow passengers were seventy other men and women from the neighborhood of the earthquake zone who were not themselves involved in the disaster but who came because they were afraid of additional convulsions.

Cutroneo lost his wife, who was about to bear him a fourth child, and his two little sons and a daughter in the earthquake. He was a cattle buyer in Messina. A small army of reporters and photographers had gone to the pier to meet him. In the excitement prevailing among the 1,300 passengers of the Re d'Italia, all of them keenly concerned to get all possible late news of the earthquake, the search for Cutroneo was for a long time unavailing. He sat listlessly in a corner, with his head in his hands, awaiting his turn. He shook his head in answer to all questions as to his identity, and it was not until he came down the gangplank, nearly the last passenger to leave the ship, that the interpreters who were questioning every departing immigrant learned that he was the earthquake survivor.

At first he did not want to talk about the earthquake.

"I Was There. I Cannot Talk."

"I feel far too sad," he said. "It is not a thing of which a man may tell to a stranger. No one can understand. No one can talk of it to make others see the picture. I was there. I cannot talk."

Urged by his brother, who had come to the ship to meet him, and assisted by the interpreters, Cutroneo at length was persuaded.

"I left my home early on the morning of the earthquake," he said, "to get a train for Milazzo. The train was to leave at 4 o'clock. At a quarter past 4 o'clock I had in my pocket seventy lire. Of that I spent three lire for my ticket to Milazzo. That was a loss, as you will see. Then I sat in the train. It was almost time to start. There was a great noise. I cannot tell how great. It is no use, I cannot talk."

Cutroneo broke off and lifted his arms appealingly to his brother, saying: "I would like to tell, but it is foolish to say so little when it would take a greatly educated man a year to give the right idea."

He was patted on the back and reluctantly took up the story again:

**Fought With Everything.**

"The car turned over on its side and moved up and down, like a ship on the sea in a storm. The station building fell down on us. I thought I was killed. I had no hope. But I fought with everything my hands touched. Pretty soon, I found myself climbing through the window of the car. There had been nearly a hundred people with me in the train. I saw none of them."

"I got out and ran toward my home. Sometimes I found fallen houses in my way in the street. Sometimes the street was closed, and I turned and ran this way and that, looking for a way. Everywhere there were people, all crazy like myself—men, women, children; some with clothes, many with none. Almost all had cut faces or bodies and many were crawling along on the ground with broken arms and legs, screaming."

"At last I found my house. Do not ask me how long I looked. How can I

(Continued on Second Page.)

**Any of Them Yours?**

Nearly everybody knows that a "Box-Number" advertisement in The World is one bearing an address, "Care of The World."

Only about 5 per cent. of the 1,002,873 advertisements printed in The World in 1908 bore "Box-Number" addresses. In answer to this comparatively small number of World advertisements 1,489,598 "answers" were received—401,949 more than in 1907.

## BRIDGE RUNAWAY TIES UP TRAFFIC FOR HALF AN HOUR

Horse Killed, Five Plumbers and One Street Cleaner Hurt; Wagon Wrecked.

PLUMBER WAS DRIVING.

Foot of Auto Started Trouble—Men Pitched Clear Over Gate.

That a plumber is out of his sphere when he attempts to drive a horse was proved on the Williamsburg Bridge to-day. A fine horse, killed, five plumbers injured, a street cleaner slightly hurt, a wagon wrecked and vehicular traffic tied up for half an hour, happen to be incidental arguments in favor of a plumber sticking to his plumbing.

Joseph Sheldon, a master plumber, with a shop at Twenty-eighth street and Eighth avenue, is the man upon whom the brunt of the lesson falls. Right at the threshold of a cold snap, with people clamoring for plumbers to fix pipes and boilers, Sheldon has lost his horse, the services of five of his best men and the use of a new wagon.

There is a big job of plumbing in Brownsville, Brooklyn, for which Mr. Sheldon has the contract. He loaded his wagon with five plumbers and a lot of tools and materials to-day and started toward Brownsville. The plumbers were Jacob Pallatz, of No. 217 West Thirty-seventh street; Julius Newmark, of No. 210 Clinton street; Samuel Fogel, of No. 212 East Fourteenth street; Morris Brody, of No. 510 East One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street; and Alexander Field, of No. 202 East Tenth street.

**Knew All About Driving.**

Something was the matter with the regular driver of the wagon and Pallatz volunteered to take his place. Pallatz said he knew all about driving, but his assertion is open to dispute. The horse was a big, brown, mettlesome animal recently from the country. Crossing the Williamsburg Bridge, Newmark sat on the seat with Pallatz, the driver. The other three men were huddled up back in the bed of the vehicle, dodging the cold. As the Brooklyn tower was approached an automobile moved up behind the wagon and the chauffeur sounded his horn.

The big plumber's horse made a leap forward and broke into a mad run. Pallatz, who had only a loose hold on the reins, was powerless to stop him. Field, one of the plumbers, seeing that the runaway was beyond control, leaped gracefully from the wagon, alighting on his head and lying quietly in the roadway.

Half-way down the incline leading to the Williamsburg plaza Thomas Rouhan, a street cleaner, was at work with his broom. He had a heavy cap over his ears and did not hear the approaching runaway. The horse struck him and knocked him flat, while his broom sailed over the bridge railing and dropped to the street below.

**Smashed Into the Gate.**

The four plumbers remaining in the wagon did their best to stop the maddened horse, but their efforts were of no avail. In the meantime a policeman on the bridge telephoned word of the runaway to the Williamsburg end and the big safety gates were swung shut.

Down the incline at top speed ran the runaway and into the heavy gate he crashed, dropping with a broken leg, a long cut in his breast and the wreck of the wagon on top of him. The four plumbers kept right on going over the gate, alighting in the roadway some distance in advance of the point of collision.

Newmark sustained what may prove to be a fracture of the skull but insisted on going home in a street car. Pallatz suffered a sprained knee, Fogel severe scalp wounds and Brody numerous contusions. Field got a slight concussion of the brain but refused to go to a hospital. The street cleaner got off with slight injuries, due to the pliancy of his clothes he wore. The horse was shot.

**DR. BULL MUCH BETTER.**

At the Hotel Plaza this morning it was said that Dr. William T. Bull appeared to have improved since yesterday and that his general condition was better than it had been during the last three or four days.

## POLICE ADONIS HUGGED MEYER'S WIFE ON BEACH

Three Amateur Detectives Say They Saw O'Connor Embrace Her.

DIVORCE FOR HUSBAND

Hearts of Rockaway Beach Girls a-Flutter After Beautiful Policeman Appeared.

The patrolman Adonis of Rockaway Beach, F. L. A. O'Connor, filled one of the thrilling roles in the domestic tragedy of Mr. and Mrs. Philip W. Meyer, which terminated to-day in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, in an interlocutory decree of divorce granted to the husband. Justice Maddox granted the decree to Mr. Meyer.

The defendant, Mrs. Margaret M. Meyer, is a stunning looking woman—dark, handsome, shapely. Mr. Meyer is a cigar manufacturer and wealthy. He had a fine summer home on Remsen avenue, Rockaway Beach, and in the winter lived at No. 805 Broadway, Brooklyn. He married his comely wife six years ago, and they have a little girl, Jessie, aged four.

**The Adonis Appears.**

Neighbors and relatives considered the Meyers supremely happy until the baneful shadow of the patrolman Adonis darkened the threshold of their home. F. L. A. O'Connor was mentioned in the divorce proceedings as a man of surpassing beauty. The unhappy husband's lawyer, waxing eloquent, referred to O'Connor as the "most pulchritudinous cop on the force."

He is tall and graceful as Apollo, stalwart-shouldered as Alax, wears a neat No. 8 shoe, has a delicately shaped head and classic features.

It was only last summer that this patrolman Adonis went on the Rockaway Beach beat. Day by day, it was rumored along the sands, brittle feminine hearts could be heard cracking, snapping and rending wherever F. L. A. O'Connor distributed his Jovian glances.

The hearts of nursery maids and second girls simply shivered up and exploded in little puffs of dust, and few of the mistresses could bear the sight of such male elegance without some sort of cardiac flutter.

And alas! It was alleged and proved to the satisfaction of Justice Maddox, Mrs. Meyer became hopelessly smitten. Early last summer her husband noticed that every time F. L. A. O'Connor passed the porch, gracefully flipping his baton about on his thumb, Mrs. Meyer trembled, turned pale, flushed and altogether became exceedingly agitated.

**Met Him on His Beat.**

Presently it came to the ears of the cigar manufacturer that his handsome wife was meeting the patrolman Adonis at odd corners along his beat; also that she had been seen strolling along the sands with O'Connor on certain moonlight nights when Meyer was at his lodge.

The young woman denied emphatically that she had become a victim of the beautiful policeman's fascinating ways, declaring that she only met him casually as she walked about and spoke to him casually, as all the other ladies along the beach did.

Despite these denials the husband's suspicions grew, and he engaged the services of three Brooklyn amateur detectives—Jacob Merz, of No. 1239 Greene avenue; Charles Hickman, of No. 352 Broadway, and Elbert R. Bailey, of No. 223 Linden street. Merz, Hickman and Bailey were charged to keep vigilant watch on the patrolman Adonis and Mrs. Meyer throughout the evening and night of Aug. 2, which was one of Mr. Meyer's important lodge nights.

## LIFE OF T. J. HAINS DEMANDED BY DARRIN IN LAST PLEA FOR STATE

Wife Who Has Been Divorced by Wealthy Cigar Manufacturer



## BROOKLYN PASTOR DIES IN SNOWSTORM IN NEW MEXICO

Rev. V. T. Tracy Meets Death While Trying to Cross Guadalupe Mountains to Perform Marriage Ceremony for a Young Couple.

EL PASO, Tex., Jan. 13.—Rev. V. T. Tracy, rector of an Episcopal church in Brooklyn, N. Y., is believed to have perished in the snowstorm which recently raged in the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico.

## BOY SLAYER OF PRIEST PLEADS GUILTY TO MURDER, 2D DEGREE

Enrique De Lara, the San Domingo boy, who on Sept. 14 shot and killed Father Arturo Ascencio, in Central Park, pleaded guilty to-day to murder in the second degree before Justice Dowling, in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court. De Lara was remanded to the toms for sentence on Jan. 25.

**SAVANNAH RESULTS.**

FIRST RACE—Five furlongs, for three-year-olds and upward. Whisk-broom, 105 (Young), 1 to 2 and out, first. Spunky, 108 (Murphy), 2 to 1, 3 to 5 and out, second. Miss Dustin, 103 (Crowley), 12 to 1, 3 to 1 and 4 to 5, third. Time, 1:04 3/8. Entripides and Zaffre also ran.

"Law Is Humane," He Says, "But It Allows No Man to Kill Another With a Pistol as Big as a Cannon."

## ANNIS DOOMED MAN THREE DAYS BEFORE THE MURDER.

As Good as Dead When Brother Learned of Charges in Cross Bill of Claudia Hains to Husband's Divorce Suit, Prosecutor Charges.

After almost two days of oratory John F. McIntyre this afternoon concluded his plea to the jury sitting at Flushing to acquit Thornton Hains, accused of taking part in the murder of William Annis by Capt. Peter Hains, U. S. A. Special Prosecutor Darrin immediately began the State's demand for the life of Hains.

Mrs. Annis, who had not been in court at any time during McIntyre's argument, arrived just as Darrin opened with the usual compliments to Judge and jury.

"Many people have said that I introduced evidence which proved this defendant innocent," went on Mr. Darrin, "but I was only doing my plain duty as representative of the whole people, of whom the prisoner at the bar is one."

He spent the next ten minutes or so heaping compliments on McIntyre and McIntyre's associates.

**Sealed Hains's Doom.**

Suddenly, without any preamble, he sped this bolt:

"The law is just and humane, but the law does not permit a man to go out and kill another man with a pistol as big as a cannon."

At this, Mr. Darrin raised first the big Colt automatic gun of Peter Hains and then Thornton's Smith and Wesson, and squirted down their barrels reflectively with the air of an expert gunsmith looking for possible defects.

Dropping the guns as abruptly as he had taken them up, Mr. Darrin leaped back three years to the time when Thornton Hains says he first suspected Peter's wife of infidelity with Annis, dwelt on this early incident for a minute or two, then jumped forward to the time when Thornton Hains wrote a letter to the editor of Recreation, saying: "I have your Mr. Billy Annis on a criminal charge," and quoted the alleged damaging paragraph, dismissed that too, and then came, by seven league strides to Peter Hains's alleged outburst of insanity on hearing Claudia Hains's confession.

"Gentlemen," proceeded the prosecutor, "it was on Aug. 12, 1908, that Peter Hains and Thornton Hains first heard the charges embodied in the cross-bill of Claudia Hains for divorce. At that moment, less than three days before the shooting, William E. Annis's doom was sealed. He was a dead man from that hour, but the two brothers, laying decided to kill him, proceeded to build a framework, a plot, that would enable them to save themselves.

**Peter as Insane as Thornton.**

"Was Peter Hains insane? Yes, insane with grief and murderous rage—as insane as was Thornton Hains."

Evidently the possibility of this phase of the case, Mr. Darrin advanced on to the matter of Thornton Hains's real estate dickers, which he recited in detail, to the most minor particulars.

He derided Thornton Hains's claim that it was interest in real estate which took him to Bayside, pointing out that there was no possible grounds to even assume that the defendant had the slightest, most shadowy claim to an encumbrance at the Bayside Yacht Club with either espersion or Bugg, the two real estate agents.

"That brings us, gentlemen, to the evidence of the witness Weaver," said Mr. Darrin, thus dismissing about 500 pages of printed testimony, "and in connection with the witness Weaver I will now read you the list of witnesses for the defense."

He read the list, although his purpose in reading it at such a time in such a way could not be left to the imagination, and then went back to Weaver's account of his meeting with the Hainses on Aug. 12 in front of the World Building on

**Fine New Turkish Baths**  
now open at the new Pulitzer Building. Only first-class downtown establishment. Modern and every detail. Electric and Turkish baths. Also barber shop open day and night.